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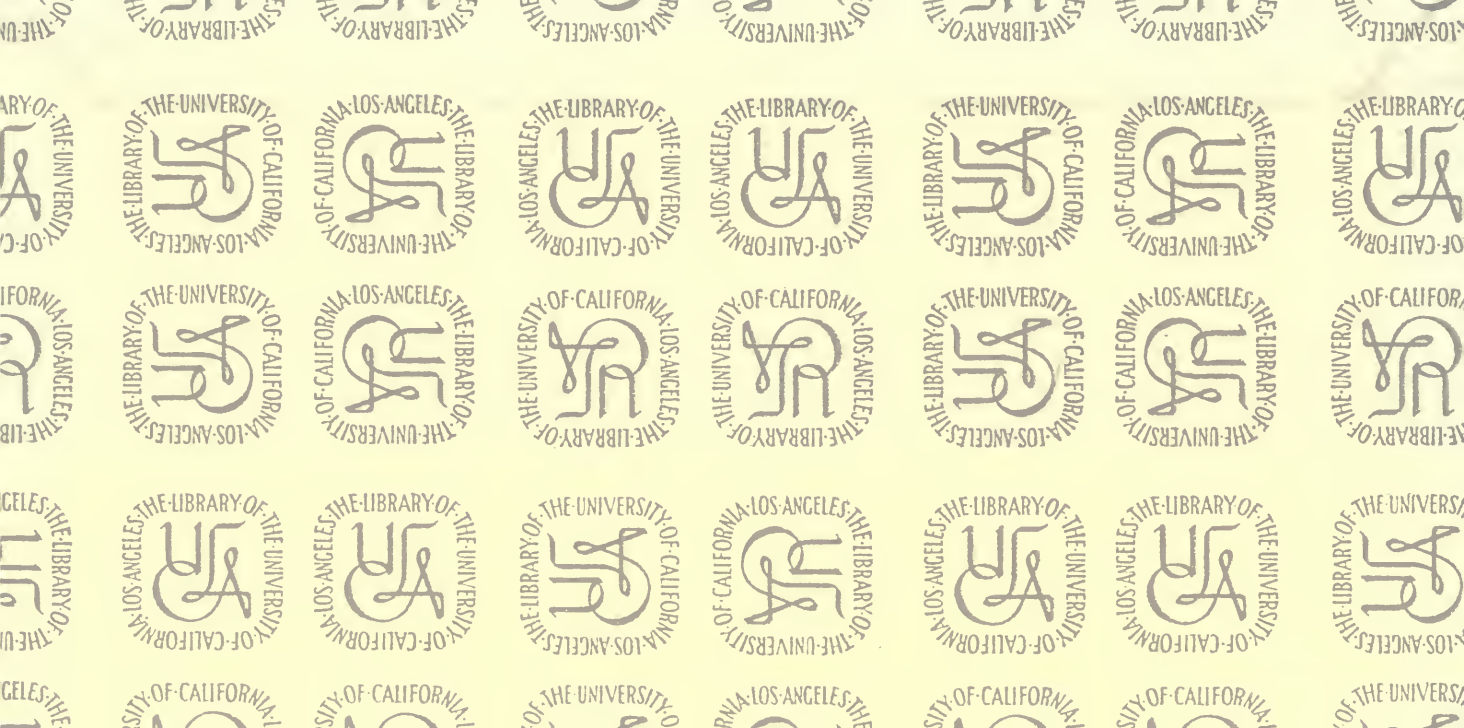
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TRANSLATIONS

AND

ORIGINAL POEMS.

84

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

ANCIENT IRISH MANUSCRIPTS,

AND OTHER

POEMS.

BY JAMES MARTIN.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

If from the dark wilderness of by-gone years, there can be rescued any of the humbler symphonies of Erin's lovely, long silent harp, let none expect they shall be arranged with what the sons of the green isle never studied, regularity, and attention to time or place. Sweet as the breezes on which they were scattered, wild as the hills by which they were re-echoed, were the songs of other times; our bards, in the enthusiasm of the moment, threw on the rough mountain gale the bold anthem of liberty; or in the calm moon-light valley, breathed the gentler strains of love or pity, of delight or woe: they commanded the passions, they touched the hearts,

they won the applauses of their cotemporaries; the minstrel vanity was meeded, they looked not for a future fame: they disdained affixing date or name, except where they by poesy embellished historic truths; these afford rich and plenteous materials for the fabrication of the loftiest poetic edifice; but the timid muse will ever, first assay her strength on cowering wing, in lowly flight, she fondly gazes on the distant palaces and towers, the glittering prospects, and the boundless worlds, but she trusts not rashly to the bright illusion, for she doubts her powers.

INTRODUCTORY.

When first the little bird begins
To try her newly budded wings,
Too timorous to rove,
She flutters round her natal nest;
Until by summer's genial gales
Enliven'd, she explores the vales,
With carols fills the grove,
Joyous erects her downy crest,
Her plumy pinions widely spreads on high,
Mounts on the liquid air, and cleaves the yielding
sky.

So when the sisters first inspire,
The bard with the Pierian fire,
Tho' panting with the strong desire
Brought back to other years,

He hopes the sacred glow to gain
That flow'd thro' ancient Greece's strain;
When mountains mourn'd the poet's pain,
And rugged rocks shed tears.

Yet still on trembling pinion flies
His infant muse, nor dares to rise
Until the whispering wind
Of approbation gently blows.
Then does she wing her strengthened flight
Thro' boundless regions of delight,
Leaves every fear behind;
And wildly warbling as she goes,
Wantons unfetter'd in poetic play,
Wherever fancy points the path, the sweetly magic way.

TO FANCY.

Come Fancy, come thou gentle guest,
In smiles and graces all thine own;
Come, and within my willing breast
Thine altar build and fix thy throne.
Come, is not this thy chosen hour?
Now let thy bard, who owns thy power,
Above the world in thee be blest,

She comes, sweet nymph, nor comes in vain;
My glowing heart her presence feels;
Every idea seems profane,
Save what she with her image seals.
How fair that image, and that voice,
How doth it make my soul rejoice
In fervor of poetic strain.

Now hath the bright enchantress roll'd
  Life's thickly gather'd clouds away,
  And in the kindling blaze of day
Hath caus'd her glories to unfold.

Unreal suns and worlds arise
To spangle uncreated skies,
While one rich universal sheen
Pours joyousness o'er all the scene.

Such widely glittering wonders roll
Before the fancy-favour'd soul,
As ne'er yet charm'd dull sons of earth,
But words can never give them birth.

DUNSNAINE.—A TALE.

Oh that I had a soul of fire
To sing the valour of Dunsnaine,
And wild grief of his gray-hair'd sire
When told the gallant boy was slain.

Oh that I had a soul of fire
To sing the beauties of the maid,
To whom was tun'd his early lyre,
To whom his fond true vows were paid.

"And who art thou? (the stranger said)
"And who art thou wouldst praise Dunsnaine;
"Rests not dishonour on the dead?
"Fell he not on Lermorrar's plain?"

Yes—on Lermorrar's plain he fell—
He fell—but not dishonour'd lay;
No victory had the foes to tell,
Dunsnaine was well reveng'd that day.

Numbers, he with his few withstood,
And gloried in th' unequal war;
His arm was death—his path was blood,
His sword was pestilence's star.

He sank—the hero sank o'erpower'd,
The foemen's shoutings rent the sky;
Our warriors from their hills down shower'd,
And soon they made the foemen fly.

They fled not safe—pursuit roar'd wide
And fierce, and terrible, and strong;
Their blood the wave of Ithnor dyed,
Gerthronner heard their funeral song.

Stern Derthrul from afar return'd,
The friend whom Gormral's youth had won;
He knew not that Dunsnaine was urn'd,
That gray-hair'd Gormral had no son.

" Gormral (he said), thy boy is brave,
" I heard his fame in distant lands;"
The old man pointed to the grave,
And silent wrung his aged hands.

Derthrul was stern—yet Derthrul wept—
He wept—but he conceal'd the tear.
" How long (he ask'd), hath the boy slept?
" Fell he beneath the foeman's spear?

" Oh fye, old man, why dost thou weep?
" Why look'st thou still upon the grave?
" Must we not all in darkness sleep?
" Why weep'st thou? Was thy boy not brave?"

Young Elma trembling came, and slow,
The flowers of spring were round her head,
She sang the wildest song of woe,
FOR OH THE SWEET GIRL'S MIND WAS FLED.

" Oh where! Oh my lover! Oh where dost thou hide?
" In caves dost thou slumber? On storms dost thou ride?

" No; thou'rt borne on the soft breeze that
whispereth along,
" And thou mak'st to thine Elma the true lover's
song.

" Dunsnaine, Oh my lover! Oh wouldst thou
were here!
" Does Elma not love thee? Dunsnaine dost thou
fear?
" Oh search this fond bosom, while life thro' it
flows,
" For thee how it trembles, for thee how it
glows.

" Oh sweet was thine eye-beam when first thou
mad'st known
" To Elma, thou lov'dst her, and lov'dst her alone,
" And soft was thy fond voice, and sweet was
thy tear
" When thou last whisp'redst ' Elma, my love, do
not fear.'

" And Oh Dunsnaine, where dost thou hide?
" And why art thou so long away?

" Is not the dark world drear and wide,
" When thou dost from thine Elma stay?

" Was he not like the mountain hind?
" Was he not like the valley's rose?
" Was he not like the summer wind
" That o'er the lake of Lermia blows?

More calm she now to Gormral turn'd;
Her look a foe's heart would have broke;
Her cheek with hectic flushings burn'd,
While thus she supplicative spoke:

" Gormral (she said), why stays thy son?
" Didst thou not say, he'd soon return?
" Where is Dunsnaine?—the fight is done;
" I saw the flame of triumph burn:

" Didst thou not put into his hand
" Thy sword, and give thy father's shield?
" Didst thou not say—go—bravely stand,
" Or bravely fall—but never yield.

" And Gormral, when I weeping came,
" Saidst thou not, child, restrain thy tears,
" Seek not to cloud the warrior's fame,
" 'Twill brightness pour on future years?

" Oh Gormral, couldst thou feel the pain
" That throbs, that burns, in Elma's heart!
" Thou wouldst not hide from her Dunsnaine;
" Thou wouldst not bid her peace depart:

" Gormral, my life is in thine hands;
" Oh, tell me, hath the ocean bore,
" The brave Dunsnaine to distant lands?
" I'll seek him all the wide world o'er:

" I'll seek him in the midnight wild:
" I'll seek him in the desert drear;
" Blackness, where sun hath never smil'd,
" Will charm me, if Dunsnaine be there."

Pale was the stranger's cheek, and wan;
His sunk eye had no healthful beam;
And from the stranger's heart seem'd gone
The pulse of hope, the kindly flame.

" Rests yet, old Gormral in the grave?"
He ask'd, " and is the maid laid low?
" Was the young Rothnor counted brave,
" Who with Dunsnaine withstood the foe?"

" Gormral not yet hath found the tomb,"
I answer'd, " nor doth Elma sleep,
" With mind return'd, with faded bloom
" The lovely lorne-one lives to weep.

" Was Rothnor brave?—he his first field,
" That day, fought on Lermorrar's plain;
" Destruction lighten'd from his shield,
" He did outstrip the great Dunsnaine."

" Hear me, Oh bard, the stranger said;
" Hear me, and I will tell thee all:
" Dunsnaine that day among the dead
" Did not upon Lermorrar fall!

" He chang'd his arms, he chang'd his shield,
" He chang'd the robe that he had on,
" With Rothnor; and thro' all the field,
" None knew it, for their size was one.

" Rothnor lay low, the lost Dunsnaine
" In shameful bonds was borne away:
" Oh that he on Lermorrar's plain
" Had died a glorious death that day.

" Will e'er Dunsnaine with trembling breath,
" Go whispering to his gray-hair'd sire,
" And say, behold, escap'd from death,
" Thy boy, whom thou didst once admire?

" Will e'er Dunsnaine cast o'er the maid,
" Who lov'd the brightness of his fame,
" A dark, an ignominious shade,
" The cloud of a dishonour'd name?

" No, let Dunsnaine, the bondsman, go
" In silence to some distant shore,
" There pour alone his secret woe,
" And be forgot for ever more."

He said, but while he spake, the beam
Of life and hope relum'd his soul,
And I could see the kindly flame
Thro' all his veins tumultuous roll.

And Oh! that I'd a soul of fire
To sing that hour's unmeasur'd joy,
When once again, the gray-hair'd sire
Clasp'd in his arms, his gallant boy.

And Oh! that I'd a soul of fire
To sing what pulse the maid did move,
When she again heard that sweet lyre
Whose first fond strains had sought her love.

EVENING.

MILDLY the evening's dews descend,
Mildly the gold and crimson blend
Their varying glories in the west,
The hills with purple panoply
Are richly crown'd—soft shadows fly.
The poet's breast,
By joy possest,
Now ardent burns; while o'er his soul
Imagination's wide waves roll.
Such raptures flow,
As none can know,
Save he who feels the living glow.

Now sweetly trembling on his ear,
The music of departed bards
Thrills to his heart, and thence discards
Earth's every groveling doubt and fear,
Th' anxieties of grief and pain
Contemptible appear and vain.

Say ye who sing from worlds unknown,
Say, is such bliss unmix'd your own,
Unchang'd, unchangeable? and given
To man the anticipance of heaven?

Now does his strengthen'd spirit soar
Illumin'd nature to explore,
Far above every shadowy gloom,
On wings of fire uplifted flies
Above the earth, above the skies;
Creation's womb,
Creation's tomb,
Infinitude, eternity,
Wide spread, reveal'd, before him lie.
His lightning lay
Bursts on the day,
And brighter flames while worlds decay.

TO A LADY.

WHEN evening's last light gilds the hill,
And breezes whisper soft and still,
And fancy o'er my spirit steals,
My senses mystically seals
And wraps me in her magic dream:
O'er that lov'd hour full rapture reigns,
A poet's joy thrills thro' my veins;
My cares and sorrows sink to rest,
Hope is rekindled in my breast;
My life seems as a pleasant stream
That calm and silent glides away,
To bear me to a brighter day.

All the priz'd rapture of that hour,
And all the bard's creative power,
Fondly and freely would I give
For ever in thy looks to live,
Thy looks of loveliness and light;
Thy soft soul-beaming eye to meet,
And bask me in the sunshine sweet,
To mark the mild blush rising slow
With sparkling, yet with chasten'd glow,
Trembling more delicately bright
Than morning's softest, purest dye
Shed lightly on a summer sky.

But, lady, to thy gentle ear,
The name of him by whom thou'rt sung
Shall be reveal'd—Oh! never, never,
For lady the respectful fear
Of truest passion binds his tongue,
And bids him to be dumb for ever.

TO THE SAME.

How dull, how dark, my hours roll
When from the honour'd of my soul,
The lov'd, the worship'd of my heart
Reluctantly compell'd to part.

But oh! when in her presence blest,
What blissful tumult swells my breast!
What glory brightens on mine eye,
How swift the golden moments fly!

TO THE SAME.

All thoughts are low, all words are weak,
My spirit's ecstacy to speak,
When thou, oh sweet, soft beam of heaven,
Once more to my fond eyes art given!

My eyes that could for ever gaze
And still new loveliness discover:
Who can define the mystic blaze
Which warms the bosom of a lover?

TO MEMORY.

Thou, Memory, art a busy thing;
And many a joy, and many a sorrow
Thou dost in quick succession bring,
But Memory, canst thou bring to-morrow?

Thou to the incautious bard canst say,
"Thou'st let time pass, and time's a treasure;"
But Memory canst thou o'er to-day,
The fair beam shed of coming pleasure?

No, Memory, thou canst only scold;
And scolded I'm enough already;
So Memory, when my blood grows cold,
To thee I'll listen, and be steady.

Meanwhile to Fancy, goddess bright,
I bow, and own that she can please me;
She pours around me floods of light,
Whilst thou, dark Memory, dost but teaze me.

SULMALLA; A TALE.

SOFT mists gently curling rose slow from each hill,
Bright over them waver'd the morning's first beams.
Save the warbling of birds, save the murmuring of streams,
Save the whispering of breezes, all nature was still.

Such the hour, such the scene, when her harp's trembling string,
The blooming Sulmalla of Thellamar's vale
Touch'd vibrating light as the breath of the gale,
While thus in the warmth of young joy did she sing:—

" And dost thou, Maronnan, and dost thou return?
" And dost thou return in the brightness of fame?
" Does the blaze of thy glory more ardently burn?
" And dost thou return to Sulmalla the same?
" Shall the voice of Sulmalla be wanting to raise
" To the high hills of Cromla her lov'd warrior's praise?"

So sang she in the fervour of innocent joy,
Will the blast of the whirlwind that fair flower destroy?
Lo, who is this aged man, over whose head
The crown of white hairs it's mild lustre hath shed?

'Tis the sire of Maronnan, 'tis Duthul the brave;
Why wide are his arms thus distractedly thrown?
Why bursts from his deep heaving bosom that groan?
Why turns he that wild look of woe to the wave?

" Oh, Thellamar's sunbeam, Sulmalla (he cried)
" Rejoice not, sweet virgin, thy warrior is low;
" He fell by the dagger of his fierce dying foe,
" On the field of his victory, he sank and he died."

He said, and the gentlest of hearts never more
One life-pulse diffus'd thro' the loveliest of forms;
Now lull'd by the roar of the ocean's rude storms,
With Maronnan she sleeps in yon grave on the shore.

CRONTHAL; A TALE.

Soft fell the breeze in Cleutha's glyn,
The low brook whisper'd sweetly there:
Thro' fleecy veil wide floating thin,
The full orb'd moon show'd silvery fair

When Thorlmor, bard of other days,
Pour'd on the night his song of woe.
Slow—solemn-sounding were his lays,
And his harp's cadence murmur'd low.

Why (sang he) shinest thou, oh night?
Why thus in silent beauty shine?
Where hides the meteor's baneful light?
Their terrors, where can storms confine?

Rises not high yon glittering tower?
Wide spreads not yon deep-moated wall?
Glories not there the strength of power?
Yet there—even there—Heaven's bolt may fall.

Age trembled not on Thorlmor's hand,
Nor that, nor grief his heart had frozen;
Nor in the battle's front to stand
Was Thorlmor slow, mid warriors chosen.

When in yon palace Cronthal reign'd,
Of high Temora's race the pride,
Whose princely nature guile disdain'd;
In whose brave bosom were allied

The gentlest virtues, noblest powers,
That human kind from heaven hath won:
His words, the summer's fairest flowers;
His deeds, the autumn's ripening sun.

But Borbar, brother to his sire,
Oh how unlike that reverenc'd king,
Whose soul in war Heaven's fiercest fire,
In peace was music's softest string.

Yes, Borbar, tho' thy impious hands
The sceptre of dominion hold,
Thou art the snake of other lands,
Poison thro' all thy veins hath roll'd!

This to thine ear let night-winds bring,
Blackness hath claim'd thee for her own;
The song of praise no bard will sing
To thee—thou'rt on a tottering throne.

There dwelt Temora's palace nigh
Sela, the innocent, the young,
Than whose ne'er beam'd a sweeter eye,
Than whose ne'er mov'd a gentler tongue.

Heiress to Trathal's wide domains,
A Beatagh lord of wealth and fame,
A thousand warriors to the chains
Of blisful bondage urg'd their claim.

" Why (Borbar ask'd with wonted art)
" Why seeks the king not maids of love?
" Beauty's fond smile is to the heart
" More rich than all the joys above.

" Than Trathal's daughter, who more fair?
" Than Trathal's daughter, who more kind?
" All lovers are accepted there,
" The king will not forbiddance find."

He said—his words like death's cold damp
Struck to the youthful monarch's soul;
For there was fix'd the unsullied stamp
Of Sela's virtuous image whole.

His heart sank low—no word he spake,
Sela, tho' false, he would be true:
No dull ear from his lips should take
The secret, Sela only knew.

Days, weeks, and moons pass'd slow away,
And still he gave his gallant breast
To the destroying worm a prey;
Nor song could sooth his soul to rest.

He wander'd in the midnight wood,
Silence and darkness reign'd around;
An aged man before him stood,
An aged man with sorrow crown'd.

'Twas Trathal of the generous mind,
The spreader of the liberal feast,
Whose boundless wealth flow'd unconfin'd,
Whose hand uplifted the oppress'd:—

" Cronthal (he said), thou chief of kings,
" Thou idol of a people's love,
" Hear thou the message Trathal brings,
" Thou highly favour'd from above.

" Trathal thy father's battles fought,
" And greatly lov'd he thee—his son—
" Hear, what reward his age hath brought;
" Hear, what his loyalty hath won:

" His four brave boys in honour high,
" Fell to add glory to thy throne;
" Yet still upon his evening sky,
" One sweet beam mildly, gently, shone.

" Sela, the innocent remain'd
" Last light of his dim glimmering years,
" Smil'd thro' her sorrows and restrain'd
" A bereav'd father's bitter tears.

" Thou woo'dst her in the lonely bower,
" She weakly to thy love complied;
" Thou woo'dst her, in an evil hour,
" Thou didst desert her—and she died.

" Dying, she falter'd forth thy name;
" She told her long, her secret grief;
" She told her father all her shame—
" An old man's tedious—this be brief."

He said, he drew the dagger forth
Which 'neath his robe conceal'd he held;
He pierc'd a valiant heart of worth
As ever generous ardour swell'd.

The youth resisted not—he sigh'd,
But shrank not from the deadly blow;
And while his blood the green sod dyed,
These were the words he whisper'd low:—

" Sela, thou wilt nor frown nor turn
" From Cronthal in thy native skies,
" When franchis'd from this earthly urn
" To meet thee he rejoicing flies.

" Yet there still clings one lingering pain
" To Cronthal's heart, and stays his breath;
" Borbar will o'er his people reign,
" The base will glory in his death."

Too true he spake—soon tales of woe
Alone had Erin's harp to tell:
Truth—Mercy—Justice were laid low,
The deep dark hour when Cronthal fell.

TO DORA.

Didst thou ever the morning's mild glories behold
On the light trembling wave of the summer-lake shed?
Round the hill hast thou seen evening's mantle of gold
Overshadow'd with purple luxuriantly spread?

These are lovely—but are they as Dora's soft smile?
Hold they the wrapt spirit in entrancement so sweet?
Every tedium of life, have they pow'r to beguile?
And can they every pulse make with ecstacy beat?

TO THE SAME.

DANGER—if danger in those eyes
Of heavenly softness ambush'd lies;
Refuge or sanctuary where
On earth to find, I know nor care.
This know I; that spellbound I gaze,
Happy to bask in beauty's blaze,
Even though to certain death I run;
A death so blissful, who would shun?

TO A YOUNG LADY

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

SAY why ye thus wanton, ye amorous gales?
Say why these rejoicings ye bear thro' the vales?
Say why does yon lark pour his gladsomest lay
To welcome the day,
While on ecstacy's wing
He soars to the mild beaming heaven of the spring?

Say, why look the wide spreading landscapes so bright?
Why on every flower shines the rapturous tear?
Why swells the stream's music so sweet on the ear?
And why thro' the grove steals the sigh of delight?

" And who art thou, stranger, that askest the cause
" Why we joyously wanton, and whisper applause?
" Why all nature is glad, why all landscapes look
gay?
" To welcome the day,
" On which born was the maid,
" Who's the pride of the hills, who's the joy of the
glade:

" Whose smile is bewitchment—whose melodied
sigh
" And mild blush are the calm evening's rays on
the hill;
" Her voice the remote harp's last murmuring trill;
" Hope's magical wand, the soft beam of her eye."

But Mary, the bard who with lowliest lay
Presumes to approach thee, has more yet to say;
For he loves thee too dearly a part to conceal,
Thou flattery's tale
Art oft destin'd to hear,
Let the words of sincereness be sooth to thine ear.

When the angel of innocence joyfully came
With the signet, to stamp in thy bosom of youth
The impressions of purity—gentleness—truth,
He saw not 'twas needful to fix heaven's flame,

That burns on thy heart with a wavering blaze:
He saw not thou'dst love admiration's strong gaze,
Which if sought not, all mankind would humbly bestow.
He saw not thou'dst know,
With a too conscious pride,
That the spells of thy beauty are thrown far and wide.
He saw not as I have oft sorrowing seen
Thy varying temper—thy varying mien.

But as spots tho' discern'd on the face of the sun,
Yet he life, hope, and joyousness yields not the less,
So thy blemishes mar not thy power to bless,
And the man who hath won thee hath blessfulness won.

THE PIC NIC PARTY.

Says the warrior of Scotia, the lover of fun,
" We must have a party, as sure as a gun;
" By the powers of grim griffin-hoof we'll have a party!
" Will outdo the splendour of old Durandarte."
He said—nor the joy-giving thought cast away,
But consulted the ladies and settled the day.
The day, like most other days, follow'd the night,
The water was calm, the boats roomy and tight;
On the opposite shore they soon pour'd forth their treasures,
The beautiful dames, the dispensers of pleasures;
The way lay not long, nor yet rough to the grove;
'Twas made shorter by laughter and smoother by love.

A few paces distant, and hid by the trees,
The pipers stood ready with music to please:
The baskets were emptied, the tables were spread,
The divine Lady Pic Nic was plac'd at the head.
How sweet was her smile! how fresh blooming her cheek!
Who could know it was roug'd? but illnature will speak,
And illnature hath whisper'd that soft heaving breast
Can to malice or envy relinquish it's rest:
And illnature hath whisper'd, that smooth flowing tongue
Hath sometimes with tales of malevolence rung.
Next her, wrapt in deep thought, sat Miss Fanny the sage,
Who to softness of youth unites sapience of age:
What of youth!—Yes, of youth!—if the muse may have leave,
The days that are past from oblivion to save;

Fifteen winters ago she was not very old,
Nor yet very lovely—if truth must be told.
Says the grave-looking, slow-speaking, wise Captain Clear,
'Where's the Major, Miss Fanny; I hope he'll be here?"
The sorrowful lady her long silence broke,
And with mouthful of apple-pie answering spoke:
" The Major this morning fell out of his clothes,
" Hurt the calf of his leg, rubb'd the skin off his nose;
" His ancle besides got a terrible blow,
" And the nail is entirely knock'd off his great toe."
She said—her soft accents persuasively fell,
And every heart wish'd the poor Major was well.
For a moment and longer, a general pause,
To him spoke their pity—to her their applause:
" Come, we're long enough mute, like a parcel of fishes,
" If at home he's not here (cries the consort of Nicias);

"I hate all this bother about bruises and
scratches,
"We might whimper and whine was the man
under hatches."
Here the sweet Miss Penelope lifted her head,
Grew paler than wont, and with sentiment said,
"Pray talk not of death—'twill our spirits de-
stroy—
"Methinks music is lacking to renovate joy."
The hint was soon taken—the pipers struck up
"Rule Britannia," "Pope Joan," and "Fill
t'other cup."
The ladies laugh'd gaily—the gentlemen chatted,
Nor once turn'd a thought towards the poor folk
who squatted
On seats made of baskets and rubbish and
stones,
Look'd hungry enough while they pick'd their
bare bones;
There Galen the pious, Archimedes the wise,
By turns lick'd their fingers and roll'd round their
eyes.

Archimedes now threw up his spectacled nose,
Hemm'd three times, stretch'd his legs and exclaim'd "I propose,
"I propose we've a walk—there's a ruin hard by,
"Well worthy the ken of philosophy's eye:
"Whoso wisheth for wisdom, there wisdom may win;
"I like not this music, it savoureth of sin."
"Yea, verily, brother (Meek Galen replied)
"It savoureth of folly—he said—and he sigh'd."
The light-hearted little chief now stretch'd his chin
From the foot of the table, and said with a grin,
"The pipers I fear will come off second best,
"They'll have for their share but the smell of the feast."
"La me (Lady Pic Nic replies) half a leg
"Of a turkey remains on my plate, which I beg
"I may be permitted again to restore
"To the dish for the pipers—I can't eat no more."
This adjusted, the pipers as well as they could,
Emptied plates, dishes, glasses, and warm'd their blood,

Then with wames not too full began puffing and
blowing,
While Nicias himself set the dancers a-going;
And a right merry evening they had of it then,
And they parted determined to meet soon again.

THE SUITOR REJECTED.

AMIDST her chicks Dame Hubbard sat,
Beside her purr'd her fav'rite cat;
Nor cat nor chickens Hubbard heeded,
Her mind for other pastime needed:
" Daughters (she said) dear daughters list,
" Your mother loves a game of whist;
" Her joy, her ornament, her crown,
" In whist are center'd—fetch my gown!"
Adorn'd, she waddled forth in state,
Nor stopp'd till fronting Nicias' gate.
Now Nicias' wife was feeding her ducks,
And would not come to my Lord Murdock's;
Hubbard being huffy, scorn'd to stay,
But bent her course another way.

To Lady Pic Nic's next she trotted;
But Lady Pic Nic—so 'twas lotted,
Had gone to town to see a rare show,
A magpie fighting with a scare crow:
To more than now the muse can name
She pac'd—but it was all the same;
One out—another busy employ'd,
All her high hopes of bliss destroy'd:
Cross'd, disappointed, flurried, fagg'd,
Her hobbling steps she homeward dragg'd:
There with her chicks in social chat,
Well pleas'd a veteran soldier sat;
He talk'd of long-past perilous wars,
And show'd his honourable scars:
Smiling, he now addresses Hubbard,
"Madam, I'm come to rob your cupboard."
"What want you?" ask'd she, not too civil,
And gave a look would fright the devil:
"A posey for a soldier's breast,
"Madam (he answer'd) guess the rest."
The dame already rather vex'd
With riddles to be thus perplex'd,

Was more than she could bear: she snapp'd
Her fingers, and a-kimboe clapp'd
Her elbows, while upon the lout
Wrathful she frown'd, and cried, "speak out!"
" Attracted by your daughter's beauty,
" Madam, I come to pay my duty;
" Her soft eye's silent eloquence
" Ensnares my every ravish'd sense.
" Cannons I've fac'd—love makes me tremble—
" Madam, a soldier can't dissemble."
The dame felt proud; 'twas many a year
Since words like these had touch'd her ear;
But th' evening's disappointment yet
Her heavenly temper kept afret:
The hall door she threw open wide,
" Begone, you ruffian—off"—(she cried)
He went, and swore he would not come back;
The dame well knew he was a rum jack.
Bacon and cheese she took for supper,
And laid in bed her wearied crupper.
She dream'd of antiquated maids
In hell's deep desolated glades;

Old greasy leather breeches mending
With needles blunt; no thimbles fending
Their poor old fingers from the steel.
What heart so hard that would not feel
Such sights of sorrow? sure not her's;
She screw'd her mouth up like a purse,
And in the morning sore relented,
Her spleen upon the soldier vented.

THE RHYMING MAN

PUT IN BODILY FEAR *.

It happ'd at that heav'n-minded dame's,
Whom some wag Coila Bearagh names,
The high and mighty were collected,
Duly arrang'd—duly selected—

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* The idea for this piece was suggested by the circumstance of some officers' ladies having vowed vengeance against a serjeant, whom they suspected of the sin of rhyming; he however found means to deprecate the resentment of the enraged divinities, by venturing boldly into the presence of one of them, and assuring her "that he would as soon think of taking Wainus herself down out of the tops of the heavens as of writing any other songs than of praise, upon her glorious beautiful ladyship."

No subs got entrance there, I trow,
No, nor their wives—oh, wow, wow, wow.
The conversation soon began
To turn upon the rhyming man:
Frown'd the great chief, his nose grew long,
He observ'd, " to rhyme was very wrong."
" I never rhyme (says he); my mind
" I never have that way inclin'd.
" I have much talent—all men know it,
" But none can say I ever show it."
Says Antrim's warrior, " Major, why
" This thing of rhyming, like not I;
" I never lik'd it—as I live,
" Nor knew what pleasure it could give!
" Some take delight in't there's no doubt;
" The cause I never could find out."
Says Chiron, " I will tell you how:"
And as he spoke, his lofty brow
He gather'd in a thousand wrinkles:
Says he, " it is when science twinkles
" Dimly upon a feeble mind,
" This idle turn you'll always find."

This said and settled, they together
Went out to judge of wind and weather;
The ladies round the table drew,
Their thoughts to tip-tongue glibly flew
Swift as the midnight lightning's flame,
And now the general chat became
How they should punish for his crimes,
This said detested man of rhymes.
Says Coila, "I know what we'll do,
" Sure as my foot is in this shoe,
" We'll get a cauldron fill'd with oil,
" And the vile wretch alive we'll boil."

" No (says Miss Sombre) Ma'am, not so;
" I don't love cruelty you know;
" We will not boil—we'll only roast him,
" Just gently on a flesh-fork toast him."

" What! (cries the joy of Chiron's life,
" His sweetly softly grumbling wife),
" What!—if we don't both roast and boil him,
" And stew him too—call me Coll Coilum.

" A fellow that writes rhymes indeed!
" Pity for him—oh he shall bleed!
" He shall be cut in quarters—dried—
" Chopp'd up like mince-meat—pounded—fried."

" La! (says Miss Moma, tittering pretty,
" With bended neck and smirk so pretty)
" I do think it would be so nice
" To cut him piecemeal—slice by slice,
" And fry him in a frying pan;
" 'Twould be so droll—the hideous man."

All the dear creatures vow'd the thought
Was bright, and straight the pan was brought.
But lo—their zeal had quite o'erlook'd,
The criminal not yet was hook'd:
Soft hearts—by disappointment pain'd,
Scarcely from tears and groans refrain'd.
The lovely pict now smil'd, and said
With quavering voice, " By me be led;
" I'll name no names—but this I'll say,
" And the same thing I said to-day;

" Give Sergeant Stanza half a cob,
" He'll lean upon his hand his nob:
" One eye he'll open—th' other close,
" And in an instant he'll compose
" The sweetest, finest poetry
" That ever you could wish to see,
" All about goddesses and beauty,
" And sighing worshippers and duty;
" And Cupid's arrows, nets and hooks,
" Just like the things one reads in books.
" Now my thought is, that some one spited
" At not being ask'd, got him to write it;
" And him I think, if we'd flog well,
" Or fry—he'd who employ'd him tell."

The blooming one's suspicions seem'd
So like the truth, all true them deem'd.
With terror arm'd, they sat in quorum,
Th' unhappy wight was brought before 'em;
And soon they stretch'd him on the ground,
And soon him hand and foot they bound;

A blazing fire of brambles made,
The frying-pan they o'er it laid:
Each gentle hand brandish'd a knife,
Not much for Sergeant Stanza's life
You'd then have given.—He turn'd his eyes,
Whites uppermost—deep bitter sighs
Pour'd from the bottom of his chest,
And Coila thus with words address'd:

" Oh, great, magnanimous, and glorious
" Majestic queen, of power victorious,
" Compassionate thy suppliant slave,
" From knife and frying-pan him save.
" What hath he done? What is his fault;
" In deed, in word, or secret thought?"

" Villain (return'd Coila, with loud cry)
" Villain, dare you your guilt deny?
" Have you not rhym'd, and wrote things down
" That make us talk'd of all thro' town?"

" Oh (cried he, to Miss Sombre turning)
" Goddess of wisdom, save from burning,
" Thou who as wise as lovely art,
" Hast thou not mercy in thy heart?
" Bright ray of sapiency divine,
" I never wrote a single line."

Miss Sombre gave a cut for answer,
And bit her lip, and bent her glancer;
Drew up a double pinch of snuff,
And felt if pan was hot enough.
The wretch, of mercy now despairing,
His eye-balls round on all sides glaring,
Saw the fair pict—upon her face
It's wonted smile beam'd, mark of grace,
As he poor death-doom'd devil thought,
And her he weeping now besought:

" Oh, ever-blooming, ever beauteous,
" Take pity on thy slave all duteous,
" Thou fairest miracle of heaven,
" To thee with angel form is given

" The merciful, th' angelic mind,
" That heaven, thy bosom, must be kind.
" A single line I never wrote
" But once, upon the captain's coat;
" You gave it me one day to brush,
" I chanc'd the epaulette to crush;
" I penn'd an elegy upon it;
" Yes—and I once compos'd a sonnet:
" If fear hath not bedoz'd my brain,
" Celestial empress, hear the strain:

" Venus (sang I), where is thy zone?
" And where are all thy graces flown?
" Where wander thy neglected loves?
" What covert hides thy truant doves?
" What envious cloud with dark'ning power
" Mantles thy late joy-lighted bower?"

" The goddess answered from the skies,
" Look (says she) to yon lady's eyes!
" Look there and learn, that I above
" No longer fill the throne of love:

" Look there, and see the glory shine,
" Before whose brightness vanish'd mine.
" She said, she pointed—oh, how true!
" She pointed, lady, straight to you."

Felt somewhat moved, the gentle pict—
Flattery is sweet—her lips she lick'd.
" Really (says she) I think this creature
" Is not of such a horrid nature;
" I rather think we've been mistaken;
" We will not cut or fry his bacon."
She loos'd his cords—says she, " You're free!
" Go home—your thanks are due to me."

Be sure he made no long delay,
But up the hill ran swift away;
Where e'er he had an hour's rest,
A soldier's pride recheer'd his breast;
For he remember'd Antrim's fight,
When many a hero's heels were light.

TO PLIANCY.

THOU smooth brow'd, soft-voic'd, gentle creature
Of lovely look, of pleasing feature,
Why wilt thou not thy charming nature
To me impart—oh pliancy?

Thou see'st me rough, and every minute,
Even unto great folk when they win it,
Bestowing scorn.—Whilst thou, like linnet,
Doth sooth their ears—oh pliancy.

Had I beneath thy banners listed,
Who knows but I by thee assisted,
Long since with suppleness had twisted
To some snug birth—oh pliancy?

I've heard the blockhead speak like thunder,
His words were vapid—yet asunder;
The heavens were rent by shouts of wonder,
Thou'dst been his friend—oh pliancy.

Fool-knave I've seen, with bright red sash on,
Uglier than grunter in a passion;
He orders gave, and led the fashion,
His spouse wert thou—oh pliancy.

In short thou art a lovely creature,
Of winning look, of pleasing feature;
Why wilt thou not then, thy sweet nature
To me impart—oh pliancy?

THE VICEROY'S FESTIVAL.

" Why, General, why (cries Madam Dowdy)
" What's wrong? Why don't you sup your crowdy?
" Fell you? or have you got a fright?
" Or had you evil dreams last night?
" You look quite bilious, ill, and fretted;
" Your forehead's damp—Lud—how you've sweated."

The General opening wide his eyes,
Sent from his generous breast three sighs;
Thrice scratch'd he his sagacious head,
Thrice the sublime idea fled,

Evaporated into smoke,
For still no word the General spoke;
Three times with awful brow he frown'd,
Thrice tapp'd his toes upon the ground;
Thrice rubb'd his chin, thrice strok'd his cheek,
And thrice three times essay'd to speak:
At length, like vapours long confin'd,
These words burst from the mighty mind,
While bent was every anxious ear,
Wisdom and eloquence to hear:

" 'Tis now (said he) the twelfth of May;
" 'Tis time to think for the birth-day;
" The fourth of June will soon be here,
" And we shall have to spread good cheer
" Before a crowd of hungry people,
" Who would devour the church and steeple.
" There's none of you will think of these things;
" You, dame—you once knew how to squeeze things,
" And you boy, G—, you us'd to think,
" But now you can do nought but drink;

" Nought else but guzzle morn and night.
" Oh, G—! boy G—! this is not right!
" The baubees an't so easy gather'd,
" And yet our nest's but thinly feather'd."

" Why, papa, sure (says trembling G—),
" I don't drink much—indeed not I!
" Last night when those sea captains went,
" Who din'd here, I an hour spent
" In draining bottles, glasses, mugs,
" Decanters, tumblers, cups and jugs;
" Nor ceas'd, till I had fill'd three bottles
" With port and white wine to the throttles,*
" These I have carefully put by,
" Nor drank one drop—indeed not I."

" What, sirrah, what (replied the sire
" With lips of foam, and eyes of fire),

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* No fiction of the muse; this laudable piece of economy is literally practised in the viceregal palace.

"Dare you to contradict me? Eh!
"You drink, you guzzle, sir, I say;
"You're an incorrigible sot:
"You eat, you drink, you should be shot:
"You're good for nought, but guzzling, mumbling;
"Don't contradict me, sir—no grumbling."
More he'd have said, but wholly spent
And almost chok'd—no longer vent
He for his rage could find in words;
Fiercely he stamp'd—the frighten'd birds,
Hearing the foot tremendous fall,
Flew fluttering from the convent wall:
In truth no great inducement there
They had to stay, for crumbs were rare.

Dame Dowdy strove for once to sooth
Her hoarse voice down to accents smooth;
And, all assiduous to please,
Address'd the Chief in words like these:

"Oh, General, don't be angry, pray,
"But let us talk about this day;

"How we shall manage—whom invite
"To dinner—whom to ball at night.
"Spoons, knives, cups, saucers, we can borrow,
"Plates, dishes, glasses; we to-morrow
"Will ask Cordoza if he'll lend them,
"No doubt he'll be quite proud to send them;
"Tables and chairs cannot be scant,
"Yankeel has more than we shall want;
"Yankeel's a useful little creature,
"The very essence of good nature."

"Send for Yankeel (the general said
So calm, you'd think his wrath was fled).
"John—John—(at once ten voices call
From staircase, breakfast-room, and hall);
"John—fly—and tell Colonel Yankeel,
"Foremost to put his nimblest heel:
"The General wants him, tell him, John,
"Don't mind your breakfast—fly—begone."

John dropp'd his ration loaf, and ran
And found the little chief-lov'd man

With lather spread upon his chin,
And razor ready to begin;
He laid it down—he wip'd away
The soap that veil'd his charms from day;
His coat put on—his hat he took—
Assum'd a sycophantic look,
And off the little Barrack-master,
Than any terrier ran faster;
Now he was of convenient make
As any man that ever spake;
For from his neck down to his rump
Was jointed or to bow or jump;
To cringe, or of an errand run,
A smile to earn—or kick to shun;
With humble and with gentle tread
He into the great presence sped.

" General (said he, and stooped so low
He might have kiss'd the General's toe),
" Behold your Excellency's slave
" Beg pardon—didn't stop to shave

"Or put clean shirt on—in the street
"Soon as I heard John's sounding feet.*
"Immediate—fearful of delay,
"I hasted me to come away
"To hear, to learn, and to fulfil
"Your Excellency's gracious will."

"Why yes (replies the excellent);
"Why yes, Yankeel, I for you sent!
"I sent for you, Yankeel, 'tis true;
"I wanted to consult with you
"About some things of consequence:
"Yankeel, you are a man of sense;

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* This illustrious and erudite barrack-master values himself much on his accuracy in acoustics. He once in delivering his evidence before a Court Martial was able to declare upon oath that he had heard the sound of the same horses' feet: how indefatigable must he have been in philosophical researches who has attained so astonishing a discriminating power.

" You know how hard 'tis to get money,
" And how it goes if one's not conny.
" This coming birth-day gives me trouble.
" Such cheats are here—they charge me double
" For every thing I want—and then
" Servants are such destructive men—
" Such dreadful villains—oh Yankee!
" You can't conceive how they will steal!
" You're such an honest little creature,
" You don't know half their evil nature:
" 'Twas only yesterday G— found
" A piece of beef, that weigh'd four pound,
" Under John's bed—as I'm a sinner
" It would have serv'd us all for dinner.
" And William—why the other day
" I sent him out with cash to pay
" For bottles two of claret—well,
" You'll scarce believe me when I tell
" The knave two empty bottles stole
" And took with him—yet charg'd me whole
" For wine and bottles!—G—, however,
" ('Twixt you and me, that lad is clever)

" Had in his hand the bottles spied
" As he went out;—the rogue denied;
" But I was not to be trick'd so;
" I order'd him to the provost,
" And there three months—aye, every day,
" On bread and water he shall stay."

Here smil'd the General—and Yankeel
Thought 'twas high time some mirth to feel.
He smooth'd to merriment his brow,
And laugh'd, nor would have stopp'd till now:
But that, uplooking, he beheld
The General's nose with anger swell'd.
Soon chang'd his countenance, soon the tear
Of trembling penitential fear
Stood in his little eye; and thence
Pardon implor'd for his offence.
The great Chief prompt forgiveness gave,
For generous ever are the brave:
Again he spake—again to hear
Was bent the Barrack-master's ear.

" Yankeel (says he) now what of you
" I want—and what I'm sure you'll do;
" Go you the markets thro' to-day,
" And find what one for game must pay.
" We get some presents, but so few,
" They'll for the birth-day never do:
" You by the bye might send your son
" To Spain to shoot—I hear his gun
" Exceeding well he handles.—Eh!
" I hear he kill'd five brace one day:
" We must bring such a crowd together,
" And then, tho' hot as now's the weather,
" They'll eat like devils—they'll be mumbling;
" They must be stuff'd, or they'll be grumbling.
" Inquire how fowl and eggs are sold,
" Lemons and oranges—I'm told
" They're very cheap just now—you'll see—
" When you've done this, come back to me."

The Barrack-master answer'd not,
But went to do his errand—hot.

Proud of employment, full of glee,
That day a happy man was he.
He ran, as in his western part
A coal had stuck and gave him smart.

" Now G— (the chief of warriors cries)
" Go you my boy—have all your eyes
" About on all sides—cock your ear,
" Collect what you can see or hear.
" Go thro' the markets, see what nice is,
" Let nothing pass; inquire the prices:
" Don't tell Yankeel tho' that I doubt him,
" You know we can't well do without him!
" The creature's honest, I believe,
" But all men if they can will thieve."

Obedient to the sovereign word,
G— rising girded on his sword,
Took down his hat with tall staff feather,
And went the market's news to gather.
And now the Chief being left alone
With the fair partner of his throne,

Thick gathering thoughts began to roll
Like frog-spawn o'er his mighty soul,
Who glorying in her strength within,
Began to vapor and to spin;
Now doth she in lofty flight aspire
On wings of intellectual fire,
And wafts by turns the chief of men
To battle now—to council then—
Now Malaga by hosts surrounded,
The warrior's great ambition bounded;
And now the statesman's mind is pleas'd,
With epidemic poison seiz'd,
Shut out by wooden barriers strong,
Or by town sergeants driven along
To be entomb'd in neutral sands,
Or to bear death to other lands:
These future glories of his reign
In embryo floated o'er his brain;
But now to earth brought down again,
Thus spake the godlike chief of men:

" Dame Dowdy! why you seem to care
" For nothing: but with vacant stare
" Sit there as tho' we'd nought to think of;
" What shall we give these folk to drink of?
" Must negus, punch and lemonade,
" And tea, and coffee, all be made?
" I don't see any use in negus,
" Much preparation will fatigue us;
" Besides, the wine is very dear!
" Why don't you answer? Don't you hear?"

" General (mild answering, spake the dame)
" I've just been thinking, that for shame
" We must have supper laid at night!
" Supper you know can't be too light;
" It shan't cost much, you need not fear,
" We won't buy any thing that's dear;
" Just a few partridges—some ham,
" Some sallad, and some cold roast lamb:
" My marmallade that's spoil'd by flies
" Will answer well enough for pies;

" And then the guests, if my thought please ye,
" Their number we'll reduce quite easy.
" The fourth of June will be on Monday,
" We won't send round the cards till Sunday*.
" Most officers of cash are bare;
" At all events few have to spare:
" So when they're taken in a hurry,
" My word for't, they'll be flurry flurry,
" And many a one will stay at home
" For want of proper dress to come."

The General smil'd in exultation
(High mark of highest approbation),
" Come (says he) get your bonnet on,
" And cloak, my dear, and we'll be gone:
" We'll just for information's sake,
" A turn round thro' the markets take.
" G— and Yankeel are there 'tis true,
" But that's no matter—we'll go too;

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* This generous speculation was acted upon.

"Seeing's more sure than being told,
"We'll just find out how things are sold.
"The world's so full of rogues and thieves,
"There's not a man but what deceives."

Well; let them thro' the markets wander
Like Mother Goose and Father Gander,
Let valiant G— and learn'd Yankeel
The hens in every basket feel,
And try 'em too—if that content them
It can't be our place to prevent them.
But thou, my muse! thou who at will
Canst make time fly or stand stock still,
Bring round to us the day of days,
And night of nights, when in a blaze
Of more than any earthly light
The convent glow'd from left to right:
Display to us the pomp of power
And glory of the festal hour,
And paint to us the great Vice-queen
In all her stateliness of mien!

Don't her green satin gown forget,
Or dazzling cap of silver net.
Bright suns of beauty, great and small,
Beam'd—but the dame transcended all!
The dame—oh thunder!—turf!—and fire!
Will not some god my song inspire?
Won't thou, Apollo? Pan, won't thou,
For once place laurels on my brow?
Ye nine sweet-piping sisters, come
Sound in my ears your sacred hum,
And pour upon my soul your flame,
That I may celebrate the dame:
That I may tell how straight she stood,
Like the tall poplar in the wood,
Or how she shone like moon of night,
While lesser orbs of fainter light
Roll'd trembling round, abash'd, afraid,
Or shrank, retiring into shade;
So stood—so shone the Viceroy's wife.
Yankeel was near her, large as life,
With brow so calm, with hand so steady,
Tea to present—and ever ready

Was he with handkerchief to dust
Her chair—and smoothly to adjust
The carpet for her grandeur's toes,
And higher than her grandeur's nose
Yankeel his little eyes ne'er lifted:
For he, Yankeel, was fairy gifted;
And from his cradle had attain'd
The knowledge how the great were gain'd.
His wife was there—his daughters too,
In virgin whiteness, spic span new,
As fine as ever hands could make 'em;
What! and will no kind youths then take 'em?
I do believe men's hearts are flint;
They won't make love to girls that squint
And look like monkeys: well, what then?
Who the deuce cares for nasty men?
The little goddesses threw round
A scornful glance or two, and frown'd.
But lo! the ladies fast came in,
And some so fat and some so thin,
Ambling so graceful—soft as silk,
Their eyes like stars—their cheeks like milk,

Save here and there—where a light gleam
Of roseate lustre ting'd the cream.
G— was polite, and smil'd and bow'd
To each sweet angel in the crowd;
And each sweet angel sweetly smil'd
Upon the General's pretty child.
The high viceregal dame had chat
For all—so affable—so pat:

" Ma'am, don't you find it hotter here
" Than England, at this time of year?
" Cooler than this in winter tho',
" But we have never any snow!
" Pray have you thro' the galleries been?
" St. Michael's cave have you yet seen?
" The stones that *putrefied* * are there,
" Are very *curous*, I declare."

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* The *petrefied stones* of St. Michael's Cave afford an inexhaustible fund to many a sweetly flowing gentle tongue, but her vice-majesty has, with her wonted elegance, beautifully improved upon the term, literally and truly changing the e to u.

But swallow'd now is the last cup
Of tea.—Enlivening sounds strike up—
The hungry band boys loudly blow,
And itches every lovely toe.
And warlike knights, and gentle squires,
Thrill with ineffable desires:
The fair and brave in many a glance
Their souls commingle while they dance,
And off the lemonade they toss'd,
As careless as tho' free of cost:
Lemons and sugar could be found
Upon the walls, or on the ground.
They ceas'd not, till the oft sung hour
When wicked warlocks lose their power.
Yet after all, they forward rush'd
When supper was announc'd, and crush'd
Past one another to the table;
But here, my muse no longer able
To gaze upon viceregal light,
Descends from Pegasonian flight.
She only hopes, no craving bellies
Were there to long for tarts and jellies.

ANOMALOUS.

How sacred the peace which the injur'd man knows
When an honest intention abides in his bosom;
For him with what brilliancy life's landscape glows,
In his path with what sweetness springs Hope's lovely blossom.

Let the low minded despot boast on for a while,
In the arrogant thought that he wholly subdues him;
But oh, could his worthlessness see with what smile,
With what scorn—with what pity—the injur'd man views him.

Not so much the poor, tott'ring, imbecile machine,
As the spring which hath rais'd it to dignified station,
Doth the injur'd man long to hold forth to be seen,
To be publicly seen by a just judging nation.

The injur'd man feels that a Briton in vain
Never cries to his country "a tyrant oppresses!"
He feels e'er he yet lifts his voice to complain--
Yes—he feels in his heart—England amply redresses.

TO A MALIGNANT OLD WOMAN.

CONTEMPTIBLE dotard, how boisterously roll
On thy bile-colour'd phiz, the black waves of thy soul!
Lapsus linguæ *—beg pardon—thy soul did I say?
In thee dwells there a soul—thou poor poison-fraught clay?
No—to thy wither'd frame, no such guest ever came:

---

* Old ladies not being always *book-larn'd*, her *excellent* ladyship is hereby informed, that we *schollards*, by *lapsus linguæ*, mean a slip of the tongue.

Chilly av'rice crept trembling with frost-bitten paw,
And o'er thy doz'd brain crawl'd, and grasp'd thy pinch'd maw.
Malice follow'd and fix'd in thy heart her abode;
Pride next foaming, and scowling, presumptuously strode,
Bellowing fiercely, "What say you?—call me an old fool?
"Entrusted see ye me not with absolute rule?
"Low let every knee bend, or by crowdy and kail
"Lash'd shall every back be, loud shall every tongue wail."

TO THE SAME.

An now auld lassie, fare thee bien
It gars me greet—a right guide pen
I've spoilt, an O my bonny ink
Amaist twa tents ha' waste upo' thee.

My ink that flows sae sweet as honey,
It's like I canna buy for money;
My horn was fu' wi't to the brink,
Keek how 't hath sank—dost thou not rue thee?

Ay thou wilt rue—thou'lt stamp an starm,
Thy chill'd auld bluid, my sang will warm;
Gang hame, gang hame, an gruel drink,
An wark the bile weel thro' an thro' thee.

There is nae ane, O' a-thy clan,
Wha dares genst me tak pen in han,
Put loof neath lug—mak' wordies clink,
Thysel gin aught thy brain can brew thee.

TO MISS MOLLY,

THE OLD WOMAN'S DARLING BABA.

GENTLE minion, up on pinion,
Up on little milk-white wing,
Young and sweet one, pray don't beat one:
Call papa from garden * deary,
Ah why won't you?—never feary,
Mild he'll be with you; that teary
Pretty creature, from soft feature
Brush away, and chirp and sing,
Excellent you know, papa is,
Lovely, all-polite mama is,
Lovelier still the dear baba is.

---

* "Oh, papa's in the garden, Sir. Papa never allows himself to be disturbed when he's in the garden, Sir."

REMORRAR; A TALE.

ROUGH roar'd along the mountain stream,
The tempest fiercely blew,
Nor moon nor star, one glimm'ring beam
On the black midnight threw.

Sudden the lightning's glare reveal'd
Brave Connel Scaithneagh's tomb,
The echoing thunder loudly peal'd,
And all again was gloom.

" Hail, (wild and hoarse Remorrar cried)
" All hail, auspicious hour,
" Well suits thy darkling veil to hide
" The dagger's point and power.

" Connel, my brother, thou wert brave,
" Thou'rt cold, and still, and low;
" Thou'rt unreveng'd—dark is thy grave,
" Yet lives—yet boasts thy foe.

" Was Caithnar's arm in battle strong?
" Oh no—the sorcerer's spell
" Aided the wicked in his wrong,
" The good, the valiant fell.

" Not now can spells have power to save,
" The vengeful blade is bar'd;
" The lonely trembler of the cave
" Hath guilt's dark doom declar'd.

" Ha!—dost thou come? Remorrar's arm
" Not yet shall strike the blow;
" First be thou palsied—seek the charm
" Now virtueless and low:"

So saying—to the forest's shade,
The thick, th' impervious gloom
Ent'ring, he hid the glitt'ring blade,
And sank behind the tomb.

Caithnar approach'd, whose frowning brow
Was night's unbeam'd on wood;
Whose iron neck no strength could bow,
Whose soul rejoic'd in blood.

His trembling people round him bore
A hundred torches bright,
And him, their chief, they dreaded more
Than ghastliness of night.

The dead deep-groaning from the grave,
The fire-fiend's blazing path,
Could Caithnar's people dauntless brave,
But not their chieftain's wrath.

" Retire (he said) and hence return
" When twice two hours have sped;
" Thou Mormrol stay—one torch shall burn
" To ligt us to the dead."

Full fourscore years had Momrol seen,
And fourscore thousand woes,
And dark o'er Mormrol's pallid mien
His spirit's sadness rose.

" Mormrol, oh chief, (he slowly said),
" Remains to thy command;
" But bid not Mormrol lift the dead,
" For age is on his hand."

" Mormrol, thy days (replied the chief),
" Have many been below,
" Dost thou not for the bosom's grief
" Some balmy med'cine know?

" The spell which giveth strength and power,
" Which edgeth Caithnar's sword,
" Will from the tomb at this dread hour
" Flow to the magic word."

" But from what heav'n can beam one smile
" To sooth the pangs that burn
" Eternal in the heart which guile
" And darkness doth inurn?—

" Caithnar was young—within his breast
" Joy's ardency did glow,
" The hills look'd lovely in their rest,
" The vales were fair below.

" Gelchossa was the sweetest maid
" That e'er a warrior lov'd;
" She with Remorrar in the shade
" Of Erthra's valley rov'd.

" She heard Remorrar's harp and song,
" And Caithnar woo'd in vain;
" Remorrar's arm and soul were strong,
" Caithnar conceal'd his pain.

" Before the grey-hair'd king he stood,
" Remorrar's aged sire;
" He feign'd that all his rising blood,
" The flame of war did fire."

" Oh, Colth (he said) behold our friends
" Of Innismore are driv'n
" To last extremes—their chieftain sends
" For aid—will it be giv'n?

" If so, let Caithnar strike the shield!
" Let him for once have fame!
" Let not for ever o'er the field
" Be borne Remorrar's name."

" So Caithnar spake—nor felt a fear,
" His rash suit would prevail;
" Well knew he, that the old man's ear
" Heard aye Remorrar's tale.

" Remorrar sought the distant war,
" As wont, with haughty tone,
" His steps of strength were borne afar,
" Gelchossa wept alone.

" She wept in Erthra's silent wood,
" Deep loneliness was there;
" Caithnar before her trembling stood,
" And offered soothance fair.

" She from him turn'd—he fiercer grew—
" He revell'd in her charms—
" He then the deathful dagger drew;
" He flung her from his arms!

" He stabb'd her—and no eye the deed
" Beheld;—but at this hour
" Anew the lovely form doth bleed,
" Doth wake remorse's power.

" Caithnar's black guilt no mortal knew;
" An outward smile he wore:
" On leaden wings his dark hours flew,
" And each new tortures bore.

" The king in anguish view'd the dead;
" Her aged grandsire came,
" An infant boy he fondly led,
" Who lisp'd Gelchossa's name:"

" O King! (the old man falt'ring spake)
" Behold Remorrar's joy!
" Preserve, for brave Remorrar's sake,
" His and Gelchossa's boy!

" Protection's hand he soon will need,
" This old heart torn with woe,
" Soon heal'd by death, will cease to bleed,
" Grey hairs must soon lie low.

" With the dear child this message take,
" This message for the brave,
" That poor old Nerthrul did not speak
" Till he was near the grave.

" To Nerthrul only was reveal'd
" The secret nuptial hour;
" And Nerthrul's lips by oaths were seal'd,
" But grief hath burst their power."

" He said—the old men mingled tears;
" Remorrar's boy they priz'd:
" Caithnar's heart curs'd their doating years,
" And their weak plaints despis'd.

" That night in bitterness of soul
" He sought dark Erthra's wood:
" Heav'n's blackest clouds above did roll,
" Their gloom seem'd ting'd with blood.

" Sudden—sweet music—gentle—low!—
" Was borne upon the breeze;
" And light like ev'ning's mildest glow,
" Shone thro' the shadowy trees.

" A form of loveliness was seen
" By Caithnar's wond'ring eyes,
" Far above man the godlike mien
" In stately worth did rise.

" A crown grac'd his majestic head,
" His robe wide trembling flew,
" 'Twas azure, and his bright wings shed
" O'er it a roseate hue.

" Round him a flood of liquid gold,
" Sparkling with prismal rays,
" In rich resplending glory roll'd,
" A varying, brightning blaze.

" His brow was calm, his eye was clear,
" But seem'd suffus'd with woe;
" While thus on Caithnar's charm-held ear
" His words did soothly flow:"

" Why mourn'st thou? Doth thy soul repent
" That which thine arm hath done?
" Let not the warrior's fire be spent
" Till all is lost or won.

" Feel'st thou ambition? to the throne
" Of Colth then why not rise?
" The man is old, 'twill ne'er be known
" If poison seal his eyes.

" Thy friend am I, whilst thou art brave;
" Mortals thy power shall fear;
" Send whom thou wilt to the dark grave,
" But scorn compunction's tear."

" So spake the form and on the air
" Fled swift as lightning's flame;
" A calm, firm valour, like despair,
" To Caithnar's bosom came.

" Soon from the old king's death-chill'd hand
" The wish'd for sceptre fell!
" Caithnar elected to command,
" Gave Erin woes to tell.

" Thence to this hour hath Caithnar reign'd,
" Upheld by spells and charms;
" Many a great vict'ry hath he gain'd
" O'er th' excellent in arms.

" But Mormrol—Ha—can thine old eyes
" Behold Remorrar's son?
" Mangled and bleeding he doth rise;
" What had the infant done?

" Why he did like Remorrar smile,
" For this the guiltless died:
" Oh, who would choose the paths of guile?
" The heart-pangs that abide?

" Old man, old man, I've heard thee speak
" Of the heart's inward peace;
" May Caithnar yet from bondage break?
" May Caithnar's torments cease?"

" Humble thyself, oh King (replied
The man of many years)!
" Subdue thy hatreds, crush thy pride,
" Pour forth contrition's tears.

" Send messengers to distant lands,
" Bid them Remorrar find;
" His father's sceptre to his hands,
" By Caithnar be resign'd,

" Let Caithnar his remaining days,
" In penitence and pray'r,
" Mantle from grandeur's dazzling rays,
" And from ambition's glare.

" So may repenting Caithnar find
" That ev'n guilt's pangs can cease;
" That God can o'er the rended mind
" Pour the soft balm of peace."

" Silence thou dotard (fierce return'd
The chief, with trembling frame)
" Humble!—repent!—be Caithnar burn'd
" First in eternal flame.

o

" Humble!—repent!—this to thy king!—
" Now thou shouldst find thy doom;
" But that thy hand alone can bring
" The spell from the deep tomb!

" Rear high the torch, whilst we prepare
" The sacred magic right,
" Whose mighty pow'r, the forms of air
" Can force to mortal sight."

He said—his convuls'd eye-balls glar'd,
His torture-shaken frame
All his soul's inward tempest shar'd,
His nostrils breath'd forth flame:

" Come (loud he cried) thou spirit free,
" Thine, thine, doth Caithnar swear to be,
" For ever and for ever more:
" Ev'n tho' th' Eternal's thunders roar,

" Denouncing everlasting doom:—
" Hear this ye dwellers of the tomb!
" Ev'n tho' hell's pangs begin to burn,
" Caithnar disdains to shrink or turn.
" Ye hell-fraught, ghastly forms of air,
" Hear ye what Caithnar's soul doth swear!
" Thou spirit who dost the tempest roll,
" Thou who dost love the lofty soul,
" Great spirit unsubdued and free,
" Thine Caithnar will for ever be."

He ceas'd; and from the rended tombs
The dead their grisly forms,
Toss'd on the midnight's thick'ning glooms,
And shriek'd upon the storms.

A thousand lightnings blaz'd around,
A thousand thunders swell'd;
Ten thousand thousand demons crown'd
With heav'nly vengeance yell'd.

Not from the lowest depths of hell,
Could mortal eye pierce there,
More horrours would there be to tell,
More blackness of despair,

Than on that night tremendous pour'd
Hell's everlasting woes:
Hell's fires unquenchable down shower'd,
Hell's bitterest pangs arose.

Bold is the spirit of the song,
And venturous her flight;
Her wings as heav'n's own flame are strong:
They trembled that dread night.

But more, when thund'ring on the air
This dreadful voice did fall—
" Dastardly murd'rer, dost thou dare
" On hell for aid to call?

" Didst thou not ev'n within this hour
" Complain thou felt the yoke?
" Didst thou not wish that by some power
" Thy fetters might be broke?

" Soon will thy recreant blood be spilt,
" Thy soul shall feel hell's thorns;
" Heav'n hath not pow'r to heal thy guilt,
" And hell the coward scorns."

The lightnings flash'd, the thunders crash'd,
The darkness darker grew;
O'er night's black path, the fiend of wrath
On flames horrific flew.

He loudly laugh'd, he fiercely quaff'd
The howlings of despair,
The screams of woe, that round did flow,
On the tormented air.

All now was silent—all was gloom:
Slow did the chill graves close.
Remorrar from behind the tomb,
To take his vengeance rose.

Before the hell-deserted chief
He bar'd the glitt'ring blade.
" Ha! (cried the guilty) Form of grief,
" Art thou Remorrar's shade?"

" For deeds, not words, thou soul of guilt,
" I come!" Remorrar cried,
And plung'd his dagger to the hilt,
The black blood blacker dyed

That night's drear horrours—one deep groan,
Awful to list'ning hell;
And all her fiends, the news made known,
When guilty Caithnar fell.—

Stern by the tomb Remorrar stood,
Till morning ting'd the sky;
Silent he gaz'd on Erthra's wood;
No joy was in his eye.

" Once, thou fair light of Heav'n (he said)
" Thou couldst make hope return;
" Dark thou seem'st now—thou canst not shed
" A beam to pierce the urn.

" Thou canst not wake that hour of joy,
" When glorying in his fame,
" Gelchossa taught her smiling boy
" To lisp Remorrar's name."

" Lov'd son of Erin's rev'renc'd king
(Then did old Mormrol say)
" Thy boy these aged arms did bring
" From Caithnar's wrath away.

" Another child the wicked slew,
" Believing it was thine!
" Far from the court thy brave boy grew,
" Nor knows his royal line.

" Thou'lt find that he hath truth and grace
" Won from the Heav'n above;
" Thou'lt find him worthy of his race,
" And of a father's love."

THE OLD MAN.

OLD man, dost thou see morning's beam wav'r-
ing lightly,
Awak'ning the valley, illum'ning the hill?
"The fair beam I see, and in sooth it falls
brightly;
"Time was when this bosom with rapture
'twould fill;

" But now mine eyes see the hills purpled with glory,
" Mine ears hear glad sounds, and my pulses beat slow,
" For chill'd is the heart, to which memory no story
" Can bring save what's wrapt in the blackness of woe."

And canst thou not, old man, retrace with some pleasure
The days when thy heart did respond to the song;
When every nerve trembled to mirth's lively measure,
And youth's active limbs bore thee lightly along?

" Oh where is the joy age can find in recalling
" The gambols of childhood, the illusions of youth;
" The wild schemes of manhood—now rising—now falling—
" Now bursting like bubbles, when blown on by truth?"

And comes then, old man, all unmingled the sorrow?
Hath evening no sunshine—no mild warming gleam?
Can old age no brightness, no kindly glow borrow,
WHEN HOPE LIFTS THE CLOUD FROM ETERNITY'S BEAM?

'TIS ONLY A SOLDIER THAT'S DEAD.

ALL is silent and dark—on the night's heavy air,
Lo! what sound thus is borne, like the sigh of despair;
Like the groan of a heart from which all hope hath fled?
Oh! 'tis nothing—'tis only a soldier that's dead.

That lament was his widow's; far, far, from her home,
In the cold drear of night doth she comfortless roam,
And around her, her children are crying for bread;
But no matter—'tis only a soldier that's dead.

Painful mem'ry collects all the woes they have
known,
All the black-rolling sorrows that o'er them have
flown;
On no hour of their loves had one bright beam
been shed,
But what matter?—'tis only a soldier that's dead!

" Peace, oh peace! thou dear baby—oh hush thee
to rest;
" Thy poor father is low—there's no milk in this
breast!"
Ah! the groan of that widow, to heav'n may have
sped;
But no matter—'tis only a soldier that's dead.

ONCE WE WERE.

When Erin's banners were unfurl'd,
Beneath them when her brave sons bled,
And round her brows maternal twin'd
The wreaths their valour won.

When Erin o'er a dark'ned world
The lovely light of science shed,
The glories of th' illumin'd mind,
The intellectual sun:

Sweet themes her harp had then to sing,
And heaven's own fire touch'd ev'ry string.
But now! oh now! how can we raise,
Or songs of joy, or songs of praise?

Cold, heartless cowards, servile tools,
Prudent to learn each tyrant's rules;
Abject to cringe, to bow, to kneel,
Whose frozen bosoms ne'er could feel
The gen'rous throb, the ardent flame
Which once rais'd Erin's sons to fame.
Such dare to mock the glowing mind,
The lofty thought, the sense refin'd;
Such dare to taunt us when we tell,
How great we were, how far we fell;
Such from our hearts would seek to tear
Our only boast—THAT ONCE WE WERE.

THE END.

J. G. Barnard, Printer, Skinner Street, London.

ERRATA.

Page 36, last line, for *blessfulness*, read "blissfulness."
50, 6th line, for *pretty*, read "witty."
87, 4th line, for *ligt*, read "light."

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